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## The Independent, V. 30, Thursday, February 16, 1905, [Whole Number: 1546]

The Independent

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DARE TO MAINTAIN THE TRUTH.

5555

## BREAD ON THE WATERS

By A. M. Davies Ogden

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As the footman turned to come down the steps after leaving the cards he had held Miss Mallory leaned back in the victoria with a sigh of relief. It had been a long, tiresome afternoon, but she had used her last card now, and these people being fortunately "out," she would go home and forget her thoughts for some hours. Roland Humanson had been much in her mind lately. Strange that after three years of absence the recollection of his clear dark eyes and clean cut features should linger thus vividly. And again Miss Mallory sighed.

Why had he gone so suddenly and sent no word? Looking up to give the order for home, the girl suddenly became aware of a woman standing but a few feet away with gaze hungrily fixed upon herself. As their eyes met the woman came slowly forward.

"Will you lend me \$5?" she asked abruptly. The voice was sweet and well modulated, as Miss Mallory noted through her surprise. Nor did the woman's appearance suggest that of a beggar. The girl hesitated. She had always been cautioned not to give in the street. "Indiscriminate giving is the ruin of many," was her father's dictum. Yet in this case there was a curious, half wild look in the woman's eyes, as though she were enduring some strain almost beyond her strength, and Miss Mallory felt her sympathies quicken. Roland Humanson would give his money. He never refused to help a woman even while he laughed at himself for a credulous simpleton. Swayed by an uncomprehended impulse, the girl pulled out a crisp five dollar bill.

"Take it," she said gently. Into the tired face opposite leaped a light of wonder, almost fear; then the tense lines relaxed.

"Thank you," was the simple response, but Miss Mallory could feel all that was compressed into the words. "I will send it back. You shall see. But you must give me your name." More to humor her than from any expectation of receiving the money, Miss Mallory glanced into her card case. It was as she thought. Her own cards were all gone. Hastily pulling out one of her father's cards, she scribbled her name and address on the back and held it toward the woman.

"Here," she said kindly. Then, with a nod to the expectant footman, who stood watching with severe disapproval, they were gone, while the woman, the slow tears welling into her tired eyes, turned steadily in the direction of the nearest ferry.

All through dinner and into the next day the woman's face haunted Miss Mallory with a strange persistency. She could not feel that she had done wrong. If ever person looked in need of help that woman had done so. The girl was conscious only of a regret for not having questioned her, tried to find out something about her that real assistance might be rendered. But there had been an air about the stranger, suppliant though she was, which forbade intrusion upon her personality.

Lying near the window in the gathering dusk, Miss Mallory let her fancy wander whither it would, wondering a little at the odd jangle in her thoughts which seemed somehow to link this woman to Roland Humanson, and then, looking up, she saw him coming across the room to her. For a moment she stared, incredulous, but his warm hand clasp was very real.

"The butter told me that I should find you here," he exclaimed in a glad voice. "Oh, how good it is to see you again!" The girl, recovering, drew her hands away.

"How do you do?" she said, with chilly civility. The man's expression changed.

"Pardon me," he returned more formally. "The excitement of being here must have gone to my head." Miss Mallory's lip curled.

"There can hardly be much excitement in doing what you could have done any day in the last three years," she declared a bit disdainfully. Humanson's color deepened.

"No," he said simply. "You are wrong. I have not been in New York. Three years ago my father died." He added, meeting the surprised questioner's eyes. "It changed all my life. I devoted myself with my mother and a widowed sister to care for, left with barely a pittance. It was necessary I should try at least to carry on the old business at home. I came to bid you good-bye, and you were out. And what could I have said? You, beautiful, courteous, the only child of an indulgent father, I merely one of the many who surrounded you. How could I dream that you would ever spare me even a thought? So I went away, resolved to forget, and then—"

"Yes," queried the girl as he paused, "and then?" Her eyes were hidden.

but there was a note in the soft voice that aroused his courage. "I found out that I could not forget," said the man. "Yet what claim had I? And then, yesterday—oh, how can I thank you properly?" he broke off earnestly. "Yesterday—the woman you helped—she was my sister"—speaking with steady tone. "Not long ago her child died, and half mad from the loss, she came to the city, resolved to destroy herself here, where we would not know of it. But when she reached New York the commonplace, everyday aspect of things seemed to calm her mood, and her resolution faltered. Yet she had expended what money she had, not even the price of a ticket home being left. Determining to put fate to the test, she wandered about, seeking a family for her sister alone in this great city, where she knew no one—resolved, should her plea for help be refused, to put an end to her life. And then she saw you."

For a moment the man was silent as a shadowed light came into the thought of what might have happened. "Oh, he said not to meet you—But I dare not think of it. I—I have a photograph of you. I bribed your maid for it," he confessed shamefacedly. "From having seen it so often my sister felt vaguely that here at last was a friend, although, of course, unwittingly. And so she dared to ask. Miss Mallory, who was looking untrusting, lifted her face.

"Oh, the dear woman!" she exclaimed brokenly. "How glad I am! How glad I am! And is she safe?" "Quite safe," was the thankful answer. "The shock, your kindness, something, must have strengthened and braced her. She returned last night. And you can fancy what it meant to us. But when she showed me the blessed card which told me who it was that had saved her it seemed to me as if I also had been sent a message. Was I wrong, dear?" and the man's voice was wonderfully tender. The girl, puzzled, shook her head.

"I don't understand," she said faintly. Humanson laid a visiting card in her hand.

"Look," he said. It was the card upon which he had scribbled her address. "Turn it over," as the girl seemed bewildered. A low cry broke from the red lips.

"Look," she stammered, while the color flooded up to her curly hair. "I was in a hurry. I thought that it was one of father's. I—Her confusion increased pitifully. But the man's strong clasp had again caught the fluttering letter. "I thought that if you had cared enough to carry a man's card in your card case for three years that you must have cared a little for the man himself," he said eagerly. "Was I wrong, sweetest? Are you going to send me away again?"

The girl, her eyes fixed on the betraying bit of pasteboard whereon in fine script ran the words, "Mr. Roland Humanson," dropped her head.

"No," she answered shyly. "Please—please stay."

Too Much For the Cook. He was a new waiter in a downtown restaurant, and after he had waited on a man who was seated at one of the tables the other noon he went behind the cold lunch counter to eat his own dinner. Presently he dropped down from his stool and whistled up the tube to the cook on the second floor. "Where's that pie I ordered?" he asked. "Hurry it up." The cook's reply could not be heard. He was evidently a suspicious cook, and he provoked the new waiter. The volley the latter first into the tin funnel sounded like a bunch of firecrackers going off in a barrel. "Heavens!" he spluttered. "Did you think I wanted it for myself? I haven't been here long, but I've seen your pies. I haven't been disappointed in love, and I haven't got any domestic troubles. When I'm desperate, I'll take something easier to swallow than one of your pies. There's a customer here waiting for it. He's no friend of mine or I'd switch him off to crack eggs and cheese. You'll know me better if I don't get discharged." The pie came down with a rattle, and the new waiter resumed his meal—Providence Journal.

Gems and Their Days. In the old mystic books of the ancients it is found that they believed in the power of precious stones to bring good fortune through planetary influences of certain days. They imagined that gems as well as metals were produced through the chemical operations of the planets working secretly in the body of the earth. Therefore certain stones must be worn on certain days of the week for good results. The table of stones as given by the Hermetic brethren is as follows: Sunday, the sun's day, gold and all yellow stones. Monday, the moon's day, pearls and all white stones except diamonds. Tuesday, Mars' or Ty's day, rubies. Wednesday, Woden's day, sapphires and all blue stones. Thursday, Thor's day, garnet and all red stones except rubies. Friday, Freja's day, emeralds and all green stones. Saturday, Saturn's day, diamonds.

Two Points of View. "I think," said an exasperated old deacon as he slowly elevated himself from the pavement to a perpendicular. "The full grown man who throws an orange peel on the sidewalk is no Christian." "Well," said a bystander, "what do you think of an orange peel that throws a full grown man on the sidewalk?"

Justified. "I wish there was a new expression occasionally," said Top as he pursued the account of a recent wedding. "It's always 'the blushing bride.'" "Well," replied Mrs. Top, "when you consider what sort of husbands most girls have to marry you can't wonder at their blushing."

After the Consultation. "Well, Dr. Brown and Smith are going to operate upon old Gotrox." "Is the operation necessary?" "Why, yes; Brown has a note coming due, and Smith wants an automobile." —Puck.

The Leak. "Say, waiter, this plate must be cracked; the table is wet." "No, sir; there's a leak in the soup."

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Trespassers

By Arthur Bollenwood

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Baxter had followed the stream all the morning with indifferent success. Four trout, by far too small to make matters at all interesting, had risen to his fly and now slid about in the creek as he made his way through the underbrush to the open field, where the stream widened and deepened and gave promise of better sport.

At the edge of the field was a wire fence, and posted conspicuously upon it was the notice:

THESE ARE PRIVATE GROUNDS. No fishing allowed. Trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Baxter read the sign and grunted. There was no one in sight, and the stream twisting through the field was decidedly tempting. Moreover, four small trout are very unsatisfactory in a creek made to accommodate more and

larger fish. Baxter grinned ironically at the forbidding black letters on the fence and climbed over it.

Halfway down the fence was a little clump of pine through which the stream flowed. Baxter entered the shadows of the trees, and scarcely had he cast when his reel whirled merrily and the line cut the water sharply.

His pulses quickened. Here was fishing worth talking about. The line slackened, and he began to reel in gently.

At that moment the bushes behind him cracked, and a calm voice said: "Pardon me, but have you a permit?"

Baxter gave no heed until he had landed the trout; then he turned to find himself face to face with a young woman. She was regarding him steadily, with a little frown of disapproval. A reel hung from a broad strap across her shoulder, and she carried an unjoined rod in a leather case.

Baxter had momentarily forgotten the warning on the fence. Now he was evidently caught redhanded at his poaching, and the only thing to do was to frankly admit it. He looked at the girl before him. She was tall, well formed and undeniably attractive. Indeed she was quite striking as she stood there calmly awaiting his reply.

"You have a permit, of course?" she asked again.

Baxter bowed. "I regret to state," said he, "I am a deep-dyed poacher."

The girl lifted her brows. "You must have noticed the signs," she noticed one," said he, "but the stream was too tempting to a man who had landed but four small trout during the morning. I am very sorry that my zeal got the better of my discretion, and I offer you apology for my unwarranted intrusion. Whatever the damages are I'll settle, I plead guilty."

"I should be inclined to follow the signs," she said, "and prosecute you to the full extent of the law; but for the way you have landed that trout. It was splendid and shows you to be an experienced angler. If you'd bungled if I should have let the law do its worst. If you promise not to trespass again you're quite free to go this time."

"You are very generous," he declared, "which makes me doubly ashamed of my trespass. Rest assured I shall not repeat the offense. May I ask to whom I'm indebted for allowing

me to go unmolested?"

"Something in his eyes made the girl flush. "Oh—it's—it's all right," she said haltingly. "Now please go at once."

Still Baxter hesitated. He was not given to pretty speeches nor to staring at young women whom chance threw in his way, but some indefinable charm about the girl made him do the latter and regret his inability to do the former.

"I'm very grateful," he said lamely enough. "And—and—"

"And what?" she said almost sharply. "I'd like very much," said he, "some time in the future to express my gratitude to you when we stood on an equal footing—that is, you understand, when I'm not poaching your stream."

He spoke so earnestly that the girl flushed again.

"It's all right," she reiterated. "You've been quite grateful enough. Now please go."

Baxter, trying vainly to think of some plausible excuse for prolonging the conversation, reeled up his line and began to unjoin the rod.

Suddenly a man came crashing through the bushes and stood before them. The girl gave a little startled cry of dismay. Baxter noticed the man wore leather leggings and was clothed in tweeds.

"As the marster given you fishin' permits?" he asked, glaring at Baxter.

"No," said Baxter, "but the lady"—The man wheeled to the girl.

"Ave you got one?" he asked. "No," she said humbly, and, without looking at Baxter, she added, evidently for his benefit, "I'm—I'm a poacher too."

Baxter's heart jumped at the words. He mastered an overpowering desire to laugh and turned to the girl.

"Well, by George!" was all he managed to say.

"It's the marster's order to take you to the house then," said the man solemnly.

"See here!" Baxter began protesting. "22¢ please! I'll let you go this time," the man said indignantly.

Baxter handed him a \$5 bill, and, after warning them to leave at once, the man departed.

As the man stumbled back through the bushes Baxter turned to the girl. Her face was scarlet and her eyes refused to meet his.

"It was frightfully mean of me," she explained. "I thought it would be a good joke to frighten you off by pretending I owned the stream and then to find myself. Then that frightful man came—and—to tell the truth, I should have been dragged to the house, for I hadn't a cent of money with me."

She lifted her eyes to his. "Oh, what must you think of me?" she cried contritely. But Baxter was laughing happily.

With a white cross—was adopted by Peter the Great, who stayed for some months at Gardam, near Amsterdam, working as a mechanic to gain a knowledge of shipbuilding.

During this time he took a strong fancy to a clever workman named Cruys, whom he persuaded to return with him to Russia after he had revealed to him his true name and position.

Cruys drew the plans for the first ships built for the Russian navy, and to show his appreciation, Peter the Great made him an admiral and gave orders that the Russian navy should thereafter have a special flag, with a white cross upon it to perpetuate the memory of his trusted associate, Cruys being an old form of the Dutch word for cross.

The Horn Dance. Among the quaint old customs and ceremonies still kept alive in English country districts there is only one "horn dance," and that is to be found at Abbot's Bromley in Staffordshire. Every year at the village wake the dance is still carried out. The origin of the horn dance is lost in the mists of history, but it has been traced back as far as the eleventh century. Until the seventeenth century it was practiced at Christmas, on New Year's day and on Twelfth day. In the time of Henry VIII, the dance was performed in front of the church every Sunday and a collection for the poor taken up from the spectators.

A Taker of Crumbs. "The red sun slipped over the edge of the earth and left her sitting there. She was very lonely. After a moment she walked to the window and began reading her letter for the fiftieth time. 'Dear Lady of Mine' was its first line—'Dear Lady of Mine' was its first line—"

As Anne Stacey's fingers dropped from the typewriter keys into her lap, and she whispered the last words of the paragraph to herself almost lovingly, she was aware of the young woman in the room adjoining, who was going out to buy ice cream. Anne thought about it a great deal in the days that followed. A dozen times she would have given the world to have had it back, if only long enough to have substituted fanciful terms for the ones she had taken from the letters.

"Dear Lady of Mine!" Twice at night she dreamed that Will had come out of the house and stood before her, stealing his love words and to take the packet out of her keeping. At the end of a month she got a check from the magazine to which the manuscript had been sent, and after that she merely waited for the appearance of the story in type. When it did appear, illustrated with a picture of a very tall girl holding two extremely long arms toward an astonishingly low door in the middle distance, she was surprised that no one seemed to take the least notice of the tale.

Anne went back to her work and wrote other stories. By grace of these and a kindly providence she was able to pay \$7 to her landlady regularly on Saturday evening and to take three car rides a week. Every Wednesday morning she walked up town and drew a little money from a newspaper for which she wrote a column called "Hints for House Makers." She dined at, and wrote for, the same paper, and revised manuscripts until 10 and cried awhile over the bundle of letters before going to bed. Now and then she stood at the window, looking out upon the hurrying throng and remembering that not one person in the throng cared whether she lived or died.

Three weeks after the publication of "A Taker of Crumbs" she found lying on the table in the lower hall an envelope without the name of a newspaper on it. It was from Mrs. New York. She climbed the steps leading to her room and sat down on her couch to read the letter. "Dear Lady of Mine"—yes, it was addressed to her.

"Who would have believed that there was so loving a little woman in the world? May I call tonight? That's rather soon, I admit, but—well, I am very lonely too. Will."

Anne Stacey got up and dropped the packet of letters on the Japanese wastebasket. She looked at the one letter just received, envelope and all, in her bureau drawer in a place left for it.

Just Out of Them. A lawyer who is fond of a joke went to supper after the theater with a party of friends, and he ordered coffee: "Please bring it in a cup with the handle on the left side," he said curtly, and I can't use any other kind of a cup."

"Yes, sir," stammered the waiter. "I will, sir."

He was seen to hasten away and come with the head waiter. The head waiter bore down on the party.

"What sort of a cup was that you wanted, sir?" he asked. "I'm left handed," said the lawyer. The head waiter disappeared to return a little later obviously perturbed.

"The cup you"—he began. "Do you mean to tell me that in the best cafe you haven't such a thing as a cup with the handle on the left side? Absurd! Why, I couldn't possibly use any other kind. You must have plenty of them."

"Well," said the head waiter, "we usually has, but I regret to say, sir, that the last we had was broke this morning."—Washington Post.

A Solemn Dance. They have a singular kind of dance conducted on the greens of country villages in Russia. The dancers stand apart, a knot of young men here, a knot of maidens there, each sex by itself and silent as a crowd of mummies. A piper breaks into a tune; a youth pulls off his cap and challenges his girl with a wave and bow. If the girl is willing, she waves her handkerchief in token of assent. The youth advances, takes a corner of the handkerchief in his hand and leads his lassie round and round. No word is spoken and no laugh is heard. Stiff with cords and rich with brills, the girl moves heavily by herself, going round and round and never

allowing her partner to touch her nano. The pipe goes droning on for hours in the same sad key and measure, and the prize of merit in this "drilling," as the dance is called, is given by spectators to the lassie who in all that summer revelry has never spoken and never smiled.

A Widower's Susceptibility. A widower is a tame animal, and stands without tiring. No woman can scare him. He is overconfident, and that is his great weakness. He has been through it all and is not to be caught a second time. He feels imperious to the approaches of woman in any form or guise. The widow finds him really a rather knotty problem. He presents difficulties that are wholly absent in a man who has never felt the undulating passion of love. He looks up on the widow with amused indifference. But a young and attractive woman who has never been married quickly arouses his sympathies. He in nine cases out of ten shows a remarkable endurance of her sullen mood, and he will know that it is but a step from endurance to pity and thence to embraces. His doom is quickly sealed.—Washington Post.

The Simple Life Expensive. And, really, the simple life is frightfully expensive. At a recent entertainment in this city a great luxury in the serving of the second supper for us—and about eighty guests—was the serving of the second supper, the butler's cake with maple syrup. The sausage came from the farm of the host and represented a small fortune, as the pigs from which the piece de resistance was made were blooded animals bred for the purpose. The butler's cake was made of the best of the simple life, while truffles, pate, terrapin and such other rarities of a former generation are left for the tables of the middle classes with moderate means.—Town and Country.

Picture in Disguise. Many a strange have been the vicissitudes of some of the world's greatest pictures, and a fine painting which now graces Lord Leigh's residence in Warwickshire has an interesting history. This remarkable picture, which for some years consisted of a painting of flowers, was pronounced by an art dealer to be merely a mask for some other picture, and on his receiving permission he gradually cleaned off the flowers, discovering underneath a very fine portrait of Charles I., by Van Dyke. It is supposed that the portrait was thus disguised in order to save it from



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Sundays—6:50 a. m.; 6:50 p. m.  
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| 4:00 Minutes    |                 |                |

SUNDAYS.

| ATLANTIC CITY.  | CAPE MAY.       | SEA ISLE.      |
|-----------------|-----------------|----------------|
| 8:00 a. m. Ex.  | 8:00 a. m. Ex.  | 7:30 a. m. Ex. |
| 9:00 a. m. Ex.  | 9:00 a. m. Ex.  | 8:45 a. m.     |
| 10:30 a. m. Ex. | 10:30 a. m. Ex. |                |
| 1:40 p. m. Ex.  | 1:40 p. m. Ex.  |                |
| 4:00 Minutes    |                 |                |

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**Lattimore & Fox**

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Our increased sales show that our motto of FAIR DEALING and MODERATE PRICES are appreciated.

Call Bell Phone 731, and let us show you our designs in OUR EXCLUSIVE GRAYTIE, THE RICHEST LOOKING and FINEST GRAINED GRANITE IN THE MARKET.

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**Undertaker & Embalmer**

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**"Nine Tailors"**

Make a Man, runs the old saying. In these enlightened days one woman can do the sewing for the entire family in addition to the regular housework if she is supplied with a

I will have the assistance of Daniel Shuler, an undertaker of many years' experience, and shall spare no effort to meet the fullest expectations of those who will entrust me to serve them.

Will meet trains at all Stations. Orders received by telephone or telegraph. 5-3

**Wheeler & Wilson**

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The only Sewing Machine constructed to meet all the requirements of the family. Ball-bearing throughout, self-adjusting no shuttle—absolutely noiseless. Send for illustrated price list.

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A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year, four months, \$1. Sold by all newspapers.

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Branch Office, 225 F St., Washington, D. C.

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**Carriage Building.**

Repairing of all kinds promptly done. Rubber Tiring two wires or bands a specialty.

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**We Have a Full Line of**

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**Horse Blankets**

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**PLUSH ROBES!**

Call and Examine Our Stock.

**The N. H. Benjamin Co.,**  
305 BRIDGE ST.,  
Phoenixville, - Penna.  
PHONE 12.

**J. P. Stetler, Manager.**

**COAL FOR ALL PURPOSES.**

Coal that is good, is the only kind we have to offer. When you use our Coal it will not be found necessary to pile on shovelful after shovelful, or continually rake out ashes. It is clean, free from slate, burns slowly, and gives intense heat. Can you expect anything better? Let us know your wants and we will quote you a price that will tempt you; etc.

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COAL, LUMBER, FEED,  
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**Livery, Sale and Boarding Stable**

**At Fry's Collegeville Hotel**

**Stables,**  
**COLLEGEVILLE, PA.**

First-class teams furnished at all hours at reasonable rates.

Parties will be accommodated with large coach.

All kinds of hauling done.

**HENRY BOWER, Proprietor.**

**Great Slaughter in Prices!**—For the next 30 days I will reduce hand-made Harness to Factory Prices. Any one ordering harness in the next 30 days may have the benefit of these prices—everything else in proportion. Blankets, Saddles, Bridles, Boots, Whips, Stable Brooms, Combs, Brushes, etc. Also a lot of choice grade Cigars. Box trade a specialty.

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**LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLES**

**At Stroud's Railroad House,**  
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

**TEAMS TO HIRE**

All hours. Passengers conveyed in hack or carriage to any destination desired.

**HORSE CLIPPING** every weekday in season.

Contracts for moving goods and heavy hauling taken.

**Lot of Second-hand Buggies**

for sale at away down prices. Come and see the bargains.

Also Carriages, harness, blankets, etc., for sale at reasonable prices.

General Blacksmith Business at Davis' Old Stand.

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**FARM & GARDEN**

**AMERICA'S SALAD PLANT.**

Grown in More Than a Hundred Distinct Varieties.

By W. W. TRACY, Jr.

Lettuce is our most important salad plant and one of the most varied of our cultivated vegetables. In this country alone it is listed under more than 200 varieties and represents more than a hundred really distinct varieties. Being in demand at all seasons of the year, it is probably grown under more varied outdoor and indoor conditions than any other vegetable. Five



**PRIZE HEAD LETTUCE.**

hundred acres, producing about 25,000 pounds of seed, are planted in California every year for seed alone. More than 8,000 pounds of one variety have been used in a single year by one American seed house.

Lettuce is a cool weather plant, which succeeds best when grown in the spring and autumn. It succumbs to frost and cold if previously grown in warm weather, but stands in a weather if gradually hardened to it, so much so that gardeners even as far north as Long Island sometimes sow the seed in September and winter the plants over outdoors, with entirely unprotected or with only a slight covering of brush. Under favorable conditions the seed sprouts within three or four days, but it may sometimes be greatly delayed. When the weather is dry or cold seed planted in September may not sprout until the next spring. Self sown lettuce is common, and inferior seed is sometimes obtained from such crops. Practically all the seed used in this country is raised in California. Only a very small part of it is imported, though perhaps not farther back than 1880 the larger part of it came from abroad.

Lettuce does not readily cross fertilize in the field, and different varieties are planted side by side with little danger of mixture. The plants are generally grown for seed in the same way as for market. Sometimes they are left so close together that no heads are formed, and this is said to produce inferior seed. It requires from thirty to sixty plants to produce a pound of seed.

There are many important factors which determine the variety best suited for particular purposes. Some of these are:

Differences in Soil and Climate.—The soil varieties, for example, succeed much better in England than in our country, and everywhere market gardeners find that certain kinds are best adapted for their conditions of soil and climate.

The Season at Which the Plants are Grown.—Some kinds succeed well in the spring, but shoot to seed at once in hot weather and are of little use for summer planting. Certain kinds are very hardy to cold and winter successfully outdoors unprotected, while other varieties, especially the crisp sorts, are failures for this purpose.

Methods of Growing, Whether in Greenhouses, Hotbeds or Cold Frames and Whether Transplanted Into the Open Air or Grown Directly in Place Outdoors.—In field culture, where time and space are not so important as in greenhouses, it is more profitable to grow the late varieties, which mature much later in season than those commonly grown under glass.

The Tastes of Consumers or the Requirements of the Markets.—Some prefer the soft, delicate flavored butter lettuce, while others prefer the crisp, crunchy varieties.

**It Wasn't a Dream.**

Archbishop Thompson was greatly surprised when he was given the archdiocese of York. He had been suffering acutely from toothache and upon medical advice had resorted to narcotics. After a particularly bad night he set out for his doctor, though his wife had begged him not to submit to further narcotics, as after them he was "not himself" for some hours. On the way he met the postman, who handed him a letter announcing his defeat from Gloucester to York. He rushed back and burst excitedly into the house, the toothache all forgotten. "Zoe, Zoe!" he cried. "What do you think has happened? I am archbishop of York!" "You did it!" said his wife, who had been taking that horrible narcotic again and are quite out of her head."

**The Marble Bible of Burma.**

Great as has been the amount of labor expended on the various Bibles of the world, the palm for execution must be given to the Kuth-daw, which is a Buddhist monument near Mandalay, in Burma. It consists of about 700 temples, each containing a slab of white marble on which the whole of this Buddhist Bible, containing over 8,000,000 syllables, has been engraved. The Burmese alphabet is used, but the language is Pali. This wonderful Bible is absolutely unique. The Kuth-daw was erected in 1857 by Mindon-min, the last king but one of Burma. The vast collection of temples together form a square, with a doming temple in the center. Each of the marble slabs on which the sacred text is inscribed is surmounted by an ornamental canopy in pagoda form.



**MEETS THE FORCING.**

varieties, which are used for serving on the table with dressing; others are more accustomed to the hard texture of the crisp sorts, while still others think there is nothing superior to the coarse but sweet leaves of the cos lettuce, and a change from one to the other of these different types is agreeable to most persons. In some markets the light green lettuces are demanded, and there is little sale for brown colored sorts. In our eastern markets the head lettuces are most in demand during winter, while in the west the more easily grown bunching sorts of the Grand Rapids type are the kinds most used for forcing.

"Kick the auto red devil for me and also the fence wire manufacturer" is a correspondent's uncompromising message to an exchange.

**SOIL MOISTURE.**

**Its Management an Art That Calls For Intelligent Use of Farm Tools.**

By JOSEPH A. JEFFERY, Michigan Experiment Station.

Certain methods of moisture management are necessary. These call largely for the intelligent use of farm tools. This is an art, and a great art, which every farmer should master. A soil may contain an excessive amount of capillary moisture, and it is not always desirable or convenient to wait for its removal by natural means. The farm tool must be brought into use. It is presumed that the land is drained—best tilled, drained. It is not this excessive moisture is common, not many seasons should pass before it is drained.

If the land has not been plowed, then the plow will probably be the tool used. If the soil be a clay or a clay loam—

First.—Use a plow with a slanting moldboard and do not plow deep, for the abrupt moldboard and deep plowing will both have the effect of unduly packing the soil when overwet, which should be avoided.

Second.—After plowing do not allow the soil to dry too long before it is gone over with a spike tooth harrow or, better under some conditions, with a roller, followed shortly by a spike tooth. The object of the harrowing is to prevent

the forming of hard lumps at the surface in drying of the soil, as is almost sure to occur in the soils named. If allowed to dry too long before a mellowing tool is used. It is easy enough to tell by feeling or even by the eye when this mellowing process should begin. It is not practiced as much as it should be.

The use of the roller as suggested will often improve the quality of the mellowing, but in any case will bring the newly plowed soil in more complete contact with that below, which is a thing to be desired in spring plowing, and will at the same time improve the capillary conditions of the newly plowed soil.

If the soil has already been over fall or spring plowed, then the use of one of two tools may be suggested:

First.—If the soil is loose, the roller may be used. Its use will more thoroughly break up the soil granules, and moisture will rise more rapidly through a reasonably compacted soil than it will through a more open one. When a roller is so used care should be taken not to allow drying to go too far, for in such a case the surface may become overdry and even cloddy. At the proper time some stirring tool should be used. The use of the roller for this purpose should be exercised with much care.

Second.—The disk harrow may be used. The use of the disk harrow will bring the more moist layers of soil to the surface and thus expose them to the action of the sun and wind.

**Dumas and His Economical Son.**

Alexandre Dumas, the great French story writer, was very fond and proud of his such Alexander, who was once a famous author. His regard for him was increased apparently by the fact that the son had a very good appreciation of the value of money, a quality which the father did not possess in the slightest degree.

A writer of recollections relates that he once visited Dumas at St. Germain. He had just been bitten in the hand by his dog and was unable to write, but dictating to a visitor came in.

"His son went out as the visitor came in. 'Alexander has just left me,' said the father. 'What a good fellow that boy is! I fancy this morning he received 650 francs. He said to me, 'I'll take 50 francs of it.' I didn't take any, but he thought he was going to leave me only 50. So I called out: 'Hold on! Let me have 100 of it at least.' But I told him I was only going to take 50.' He called out: 'Oh, oh,' said I, 'I thought you were going to take the 600. Well, take as much as you want.'"

And Dumas added proudly, "What a gold-hearted fellow Alexander is, to be sure!"

**Care of Birds.**

In an English treatise on the "Hygiene of Bird Keeping," by George Creswell, attention is called to the thoughtless practice of hanging birds in cages just above the level of the windows and to the mistaken kindness of hanging a cage in the corner of a sitting room or a kitchen near the ceiling. In the one case the bird is subjected to drafts and in all probability develop catarrh and bronchitis, and in the other it lives in a vitiated atmosphere.

**Warning to Mothers.**

The "only child in the family" in 60 percent of the cases is a disappointment. It is usually of poor health, lacking much of normality, both mental and physical. The "youngest child," the "only boy" and the "only girl" display many striking resemblances to the "only child."—Medical News.

**A Shock.**

"Now, Henry," she began, with a set jaw, "I must have \$100 today." "All right," replied her husband, "here it is."

"Gracious, Henry!" she exclaimed, suddenly pausing. "What's the matter? Are you ill?"

**Forbear and Forgive.**

Do not expect too much from others, but remember that all have some ill nature, which occasional outbursts will must expect, and that we must forbear and forgive, as we often desire forbearance and forgiveness ourselves.

**The child is a bundle of instincts, not a sheet of white paper.**—G. H. Archibald.

**Funerals in Scotland.**

In Scotland the custom still prevails of taking down the window blinds at a death and hanging white sheets across the windows. The custom also prevails in the north of England, and in many families a special sheet reserved for the death chamber is kept for the purpose and often used from generation to generation. In many parts of Scotland, too, it is still customary for the nearest relatives of the deceased to lower the body into the grave and wait by the side until the grave is filled up.—Westminster Gazette.

**Bret Harte as a Consul.**

Bret Harte's duties as a consul at Glasgow was a sort of joke. William Black told me that once when he was returning from a tour with Harte as they slowly entered a city Bret said, "What huge, ugly place is this?" "It is," said Black, "the city in which you have been consul four years."—Moncreur Daniel Conway's Autobiography.

**Postponement Inevitable.**

"If you husband beats you, mabbe you kin hab him sent to de whippin' post," said Mrs. Potomac Jackson.

"If my husband ever beats me again," said Mrs. Tolliver Grapevine, "dey kin send him to de whippin' post if dey wants to, but dey'll have to wait till he gets out'n de hospital."—Washington Star.

**In After Years.**

Old Fogey Father—My father never supplied me with money to squander on fast horses, theater parties, late dinners and the like. Up to Date Son—Oh, that's all right, dad. You must remember that I come of a more aristocratic family than you did.—Chicago News.

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Judge John Goode of Virginia, once a member of the Confederate congress, told of an attack by Poole of Tennessee upon Jefferson Davis and General Albert Sidney Johnston after the Confederate defeat at Cloyd mountain. He said that if Johnston had fought as he ought to have fought "peace, like a wedding garment, would now cover our fair land."

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**The Black of the Eye.**

The invariable blackness of the pupil of the eye was a puzzle to scientists until Professor H. H. H. showed it to be the necessary effect of refraction. Sufficient rays are reflected from the bottom of the eye to render visible the parts there situated, but since these reflected rays in emerging from the eye must traverse the same ocular media through which they passed in entering the eye it is evident that they must undergo the same refraction which they underwent as entering rays, only in an opposite direction. The result of this is that the paths of the emerging and entering rays coincide, and the former will therefore return to the source whence as incidental rays they originated. Thus, if a light is reflected in the pupil to reflect light—in fact, it resembles a window looking into a dark room.

**He Didn't Mind the Fog.**

The London Chronicle relates that

during a dense fog in London a military man advanced in years lost his way completely in the nocturnal vapor. Bumping against a stranger, he explained his misfortune and gave his address. "I know it quite well," said the stranger, "and will take you there." It was some distance, but the guide never hesitated for a moment on the whole route. "This is your door," he said at last as a house loomed dimly before them. "Bless my soul," said the old gentleman, "so it is! But how on earth have you been able to make your way through such a fog?" "I know every stick and stone in this part of London," said the stranger quietly, "for I am blind!"

**The First "Canard."**

The first use of the word canard (meaning a duck) in the sense of hoax is attributed to Norbert Cornelissen, who, to give a sly hit at the ridiculous pieces of intelligence in public journals, circulated the report that an interesting experiment had just been made calculated to prove the extraordinary voracity of ducks. Twenty were placed together, and then one of them was killed and cut up into pieces, feathers and all, and thrown to the other nineteen, who greedily devoured it. The process was repeated until, as was asserted, the last duck had eaten the whole of his nineteen companions. The story ran the round of all the journals in Europe and so established the appropriateness of the term canard for hoax.

**The First Erie Canal Boat.**

The William Tell was the first boat to pass the Erie canal from Buffalo to Albany and down the river to New York. Her cargo consisted entirely of hogheads, barrels and bottles of Lake Erie water, part of which was mingled with the waters of the bay of New York on the occasion of the grand fête in celebration of the opening of the wonderful waterway. Her passengers included Governor De Witt Clinton, the leader in the canal enterprise, and a delegation of statesmen and distinguished persons from foreign lands and various parts of the United States.

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STORE OPEN TILL 6 P. M.  
SATURDAY, OPEN TILL 11 P. M. }

**NO CAR FARE PAID.**

**►FEBRUARY TROUSER SALE!◄**

**PRICES ARE AWAY DOWN.**

We have just finished inventory and our stock counting reveals nearly a thousand odds trousers which we are anxious to dispose of regardless of cost or former selling price. Every pair has been reduced 25 to 33 per cent. This sale means quick action for quick selling. Don't miss seeing our window of 40 handsome styles of Worsted, Cheviot and staple Cassimer Trousers.

**We Are Ready to Take Our Loss--See Window.**

|          |  |
|----------|--|
| 386 PAIR | \$2.00 Trousers are selling at \$1.39. |
| 330 PAIR | \$3.00 Trousers are selling at \$1.89. |
| 164 PAIR | \$4.00 Trousers are selling at \$2.50. |
| 87 PAIR  | \$5.00 Trousers are selling at \$3.50. |

Young Men's Styles are Cut Peg Top.

**Shrewd Buyers' Opportunity.**

|               |           |         |                                |        |
|---------------|-----------|---------|--------------------------------|--------|
| \$8.00 Suits  | Overcoats | \$5.00  | \$3.50 Boys' Russian Overcoats | \$1.98 |
| \$12.00 Suits | Overcoats | \$7.50  | \$4.50 Boys' Suits             | \$2.98 |
| \$15.00 Suits | Overcoats | \$9.75  | \$6.00 Boys' Suits             | \$3.85 |
| \$18.00 Suits | Overcoats | \$11.75 | \$7.00 Boys' Suits             | \$5.00 |

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offers a desirable place to rent safe deposit boxes, or to store silverware, and kindred articles of value, for in addition to its easy accessibility and its own special force of watchmen, it is in the very heart of the town with its time-locked steel vaults exposed to the surveillance of the police. Convenient rooms are provided for persons to examine their possessions in privacy.

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Main and DeKalb Sts., - - Norristown, Pa.

**COMPOUND COUGH SYRUP**  
WILL STOP THAT COUGH.

**Our Tooth Powder**  
Will whiten and clean the teeth and keep the gums in a healthy condition.

**Our Corn Cure**  
Will remove that corn you are troubled with.

**CULBERT'S DRUG STORE,**  
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

**YOUR BEST FRIEND**

may cause dissatisfaction among the heirs if named in your WILL as EXECUTOR to settle your estate; and if appointed GUARDIAN or TRUSTEE of your children they may have to suffer losses because of bad investments.

If you select the **PENN TRUST COMPANY** you will be assured absolute protection, as the Company assumes all losses of principal and interest, should any occur.

Call and talk the matter over with the officers.

**PENN TRUST COMPANY,**  
(Formerly the Albion Trust Co.)  
Cor. Main and Swede Sts., Norristown, Pa.

**A Very Important Matter**

For FARMERS to know is where to get the **BEST CHOPPING** done and where to get a full line of the **BEST FEED**, such as Wheat Bran, Corn Bran, No. 1 Sugar Feed, Linseed Meal, Oats, Cracked Corn, Oats Feed for plenty milk, etc., at the **Lowest Cash Prices.** You will find it at

**Clamer's Collegeville Grist Mills,**  
Lately remodeled and put in fine shape for business. Come and inspect. We will be glad to see you, and supply your wants at short notice.

Respectfully,  
**F. J. CLAMER.**  
EMIL KLAUSFELDER, Manager.

**Special Sale at Oak Hall of Men's Overcoats and Suits**

You can do more with your money at Oak Hall than anywhere else.

**MEN'S OVERCOATS REDUCED**

\$40 to \$35.50—Men's extra fine soft finished Beaver Overcoats, silk lined throughout.  
\$30 to \$25—Men's black Beaver Overcoats, 46 inches long, centre seam and vent, lined throughout with satin.  
\$25 to \$18—Men's dark Oxford Kersey Overcoats, 51 inches long, with or without vent, lined throughout with venetian.  
Other Overcoats in Kerseys, Friezes and Fancy Cheviots, reduced from \$15 to \$11.50; \$12 to \$9; \$10 to \$7.50.

Men's Suits Reduced: \$25 to \$18—\$22.50 to \$16.50—\$15 to \$11.50—\$12 to \$9.

We pay your carfare when reasonable amount is purchased.

**WANAMAKER & BROWN,**  
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AND YOU WILL HEAR OF A BUYER. Remember, also, that NEAT JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS is executed at the office of THE INDEPENDENT at reasonable prices.

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**P. K. Cable, Proprietor.**

**STEAM HEATERS**

I am prepared to promptly furnish and erect STEAM and HOT WATER HEATERS and to do all kinds of repairing, as to heaters and steam fixtures. Send for description of "Charnier" and "Imperial" Steam Heaters. These are among the very best on the market, and sure to give satisfaction.

**ALL KINDS OF PUMPS**  
furnished, or repaired. Wind Mills supplied and erected.  
Good workmanship guaranteed.  
A share of the patronage of the public respectfully solicited.

**J. H. BOLTON,**  
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

**Furniture**

Fresh from the Factories, now on Exhibition at the

**COLLEGEVILLE Furniture Warerooms!**

We are now prepared to offer our customers goods at prices never before heard of.

Our line of Chamber Suits, at prices ranging from \$12 to \$30, are the best in the market, and the most complete and respectable. Parlor Suits in Hair Cloth, Brocade and Silk Tapestry, from \$15 to \$50, are hard to be equalled. Sideboards, from \$3.50 to \$30, in Solid Oak, fancy tops and plate glasses, are the best.

Dining Room Chairs, Fancy Rockers, Lounges, Couches, Hall Racks and Fancy Book Cases, that cannot fail to attract your attention, both in quality and price.

We carry a full line of Rugs, Carpet Sweepers, Toilet Sets, Fancy Lamps, Dinner and Tea Sets.

Bed Springs, Mattresses, Pillows, Bolsters, Feather, and bedding of all kinds.

Our line of Carpets is complete. Best Linoleum at 50 cents; good at 40 cents; fair at 30 cents.

Picture Frames made to order.

Window shades of all kinds. We are selling a good Spring Roller Shade at 25 cents. Make your selections early, while stock is complete.

Repairing and upholstering attended to promptly. All goods delivered free.

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**Undertaker & Embalmer**

Orders entrusted to my charge will receive the most careful and painstaking attention.

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COLLEGEVILLE, PA.  
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